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## THE LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

"Away, away, my barb and I,  
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,  
We sweep the sands of Araby,  
And leave a world of slaves behind!  
Thine mine to range in this wild garb,  
Nor e'er feel lonely, though alone;  
I would not change my Arab barb,  
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne!  
Where the pale stranger darts not come,  
Proud o'er my native sands I rove;  
An Arab thou my only home,  
An Arab maid my only love!  
Here freedom dwells without a tear—  
Goy to the world, she loves the wild;  
Who e'er brings a fatter her,  
To chain the desert's fiery child!  
What though the Frank may smile with scorn  
Our barren clime, our realm of sand?  
There were our thousand fathers born—  
Oh, who would scorn his father's land?  
It is not sands that form a waste,  
Nor hounding fields a happy clime;  
The spot the most by freedom grace'd,  
Is where man feels the most sublime!  
"Away, away, my barb and I,  
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,  
We sweep the sands of Araby,  
And leave a world of slaves behind!"

From the India Gazette.

## RUNJEET SINGH AND HIS COURT.

A short distance from the town of Kapathlah, the Mission was met by a deputation from Fatty Singh. The cortege was formed of four or five elephants, escorted by 250 ill-mounted and ill-dressed horsemen, who formed a street for the Mission to pass through. They escorted the Mission to their encampment, and in the evening Fatty Singh paid a visit to the Mission, which was a few hours afterwards received.

The Mission were received in a very large fine garden, in which was a good upper-roomed pukka house, apparently having several sides or wings. It was in an unfinished state, but, when completed, will have much the appearance of a handsome English residence. The most conspicuous present was Sirdar Jewalla Singh, Cavalry Chief, commanding 1,500 men. He wore a white turban, fitting tight to the head, and which rose in a somewhat conical form in front, round which was a blaze of gems, and from which hung a large globular emerald. In the turban, slanting to one side, there was a slender plume of heron feathers, chastely united at the end by three golden spigs. Round his neck he wore a double row of large beautiful pearls. Alternately at each sixth pearl an emerald of about half an inch square intervened. This necklace was fitted tight to the neck, while another, larger and more valuable, (also a double row,) hung loosely round his breast. None of the pearls was less in size than a large English pea. On each arm he had a splendid armband, composed of three emeralds of about an inch square, imbedded and connected with a cluster of diamonds, rubies, and pearls. His wrists were also decorated with massive gold bangles, profusely set off with flat diamonds. The folds of his vest were secured at the breast by a golden clasp, with a profusion of diamonds. His sword was surmounted by a golden handle. His nether garments were in strict conformity to Punjab dandyism, and contained about fifty yards of fine cloth.

The town of Kapathlah is small and dirty, and but thinly inhabited. Many of the buildings appeared in a state of dilapidation, and others seemed but half built. Fatty Singh had commenced on a pukka fort a short distance from the town; but a hint having been received that the thing would not be agreeable to the ruler of the Punjab, the building of it was abruptly stopped. One round bastion only appears to have attained any degree of forwardness. In the rains the entire of the country, as far as the Hyphasis is concerned, is water, and communication between different places is generally carried on by means of boats. The present channel of the Hyphasis is about 300 yards broad, but the extreme width in the rains cannot be less than a mile and a quarter. The current of this river is described as very slack, and the depth varies from five to ten feet. The Mission was supplied with excellent boats for crossing the river, and the troops of cavalry were ferried over in 27 minutes.

On the last march to Amritsar, the Mission were met at day-break by a large procession from the Court, composed of some hundreds of horse and foot, with many of the Nobles, and headed by Shere Singh, Runjeet's second son, a handsome looking young man, about 26 years of age, and five feet eight inches high. He is a stout, short-necked, well proportioned, and strong looking man, with a rather fair complexion. His countenance is handsome, with a somewhat haughty expression. He is not suspected of being too cordial towards the English.

The young Prince and his Nobles were mounted on elephants; their elegantly caparisoned steeds being led. All the persons forming the procession wore a costume of the same colour—viz: bright amber, which had a rich effect. The young Chief and many of the courtiers wore their golden plumes, and some the heron plume on the right side of the turban, which slightly inclined forward. Shere Singh's state elephant was not the least conspicuous object in the pageant. The fine animal had round his neck a costly collar of embossed gold, divided into circles of about eighteen inches in circumference, and linked together. These golden circles were somewhat convex in shape, and reached as far as the elephant's chest. From each ear also depended rolls of thickly twisted gold cord. The jaw was made of the finest crimson velvet, profusely embroidered with gold. This was surmounted by a richly and chastely embossed gold headband. The day the meeting took place it rained uncommonly heavy, which was hailed by the astrologers as a prognostic of a most auspicious nature—auguring a growing friendship between the two governments that would flourish for ages.

On reaching their ground the Mission found that the Sovereign of the Punjab had not been forgetful of their comforts. Three cottages had been erected for the Mission, each having a verandah all round, with bedding, &c. All kinds of provision and forage had also been provided, with plenty of sweetmeats; but these, with an over-abundant delicacy, strikes us, on the part of the Mission, were declined.

Next day the British Mission went in state to pay a visit to the Maha Rajah. The officers of the Mission were mounted on elephants, preceded by the troops of cavalry, and the rear was brought up by the company of infantry forming the other moiety of the escort. On their way to the place, situated in the Bambaugh, they were

met by Rajah Dhan Singh, brother-in-law of Runjeet, handsomely accoutred in a coat of highly polished steel mail. A body of Lancers now approached, and divided itself on every flank of the Mission, and in this manner accompanied it to within two hundred yards of the outer gate of the palace, where it was received into a street composed of a battalion of infantry and a regiment of dismounted cavalry. Immediately at the head of this military avenue, and as the Mission turned into the Palace, were placed two pieces of horse artillery, which gave a very tolerable salute. The Mission proceeded across a bridge into a kind of court-yard or open space, where the escort remained, while the British gentlemen entered the second gateway into the garden, in the centre of which is the Palace. The walk leading to it from the gate is wide and paved, and on this occasion was lined on each side by scarlet cloth kannauts. At certain intervals, there suspended overhead handsome canopies of shawl and cloth. When within twenty yards of the Palace the gentlemen of the Mission dismounted from their elephants. From the place at which they dismounted to the presence there was a dais of fine cloth. The Maha-Rajah sat in state in a large open room or verandah, which was carpeted with a shawl, and overhead was a beautifully worked shawl canopy. On the near approach of the gentlemen of the Mission, the Ruler of Cashmere arose and advanced some steps to meet Capt. Wade, whom he embraced, after which the other gentlemen, in succession, paid their compliments to Runjeet, always, however, keeping the head covered. They then took their seats on silver chairs, with crimson and yellow velvet cushions; Runjeet in an elegant gold embossed chair. After a short pause they were each separately introduced to the Maha-Rajah by one of the Ministers. After this ceremony the Governor-General's letter was read in open Court, which appeared to afford the most lively satisfaction to all, especially Runjeet himself. Shere Singh appeared thoughtful, or indifferent, while a smile of dubious meaning for the most part passed over his lips. After the letter was read, Lord Amherst's presents were displayed, and pronounced to be handsome. Among them were two English stallions, a four-barrelled gun, a musical dressing-case, &c.; there was a quantity of shawls, also, which, perhaps, the Sovereign of Cashmere held less in estimation than articles of a more exotic nature; there was also a handsome and valuable head-piece for the Rannee, an elephant with a silver howdah, &c. On the right of the Maha-Rajah sat the son of Dhan Singh, a pretty looking child, about five years of age, who appeared almost oppressed with his gorgeous and glittering garb; for diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, appeared to be so studded and heaped upon the boy's person, that he seemed more like a casket of gems than a young courtier. On the left was seated the son of Fatty Singh, already mentioned, a well grown youth, about 15 years of age; his dress was, perhaps, not less costly than the others, but more happy and less cumbersome. Arrangements of jewels gave a greater degree of elegance to his appearance. On the second seat from the left sat Rajah's second son, Shere Singh, and the only one of his sons present; he, as well as the other Princes and Chiefs, were most magnificently dressed, and ornamented with valuable jewels, each appearing to vie with the other in splendour of dress and decoration. The court-dress was of a rich yellow colour.

The old Chief himself was, if possible, the most gorgeously arrayed of all. In the centre of his turban there was a costly ornament composed of various jewels, which were so arranged as best to set off each other: from this there was suspended by a small gold link a diamond of vast beauty and magnitude, in shape and size somewhat resembling a pigeon's egg. On his neck, and reaching low down his bosom, he had a most beautiful pearl necklace. At the centre were ten of the size of musket bullets decreasing at the sides, till reduced to the size of peas, and none less. He had a smaller pearl necklace, a collar that fitted close to the neck, with pearls of the like size; and his wrists and ankles were similarly adorned. On his shoulders, and reaching quite across, in much the same manner as the wings of a light infantry officer, he had three rows of diamonds, the size of the end of one's finger. Round his loins were girded a glittering zone of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, and in this girdle was stuck a dagger, ornamented to correspond. His shield was in harmony with all this magnificence. Rather above the wrist he wore a kind of bracelet, of beautifully lucid, large diamond drops. In a word, it would require the pen of a Boccaccio, or the descriptive powers of a Moore, to do full justice to the gallant splendor of the Punjab chivalry.

There was a singular etiquette observed with regard to the distribution of the seats of honor; Rajah Dhan Singh, Runjeet's great favorite, was seated on the ground, after the oriental fashion, while his child sat on a chair (an honoratory distinction). The same favour was granted to Booth Singh's brother, who sat in a chair on the left, while the conqueror of the Attock himself was seated on the carpet. Here our esteemed informant, for the first time, among the Asiatics, observed the custom of saluting with the left hand, it being immaterial, indeed, which hand is used. None of the European officers in Runjeet's service (Ventura, Allard, &c.) were present at this Durbar. On inquiry as to the cause of their absence, the reason given evinced a delicate and generous consideration on the part of Maha-Rajah.

On the Durbar breaking up, the Mission went to see Runjeet's chargers. They were all large, fine-looking cattle, with rich and elegant housings. Runjeet's own horse, Kahar, was so splendidly caparisoned, that he appeared, according to our authority, as if sent by the gods. The colour of Kahar was a dark brown, and, according to European ideas, he was well limbed and had a fine shoulder. His saddle was covered with gold and his other appointments corresponding, inlaid with precious stones. The holster-pieces were made of embossed gold, wrought to represent the sunflower. The leaves and seeds were clusters of diamonds. Kahar's headstall was thickly studded with various jewels in circles and squares. He had also three collars of worked gold, studded with lozenge-shaped diamonds, pearls, &c.

The city of Amritsar is about four miles in circumference. It is about 400 yards S. W. from the Rambaugh or Palace, the space between being clear. A canal runs between the town and the Rambaugh. It appears to be very narrow, and not above four feet deep. It is supplied from the river Ravee. The town seems exceedingly populous. The approaches are capable of being rendered formidable; but did not appear so when the Mission resided there. The walls of the town are of thick mud, about 17 feet high. At some points there is a double, and at others a triple wall. The houses are all pukka. The streets are dirty, and have any thing but the odour of the Cashmerian rose. The most

sacred temple of the Sikhs is the Hunmandah, the religious rites of which are performed by a set of military religious devotees, whose fanaticism leads them at times into most extravagant excesses. The insolence of the devotees, or Accalees, as they are called, is such, as sometimes to manifest itself to Runjeet himself personally, who, for the sake of popularity, frequently permits their turbulence to go unpunished. There is a body of about 1,500 of these armed priests. There is no image to be seen in the Sikh temples. The Hunmandah is elaborately ornamented and furnished.

From the Literary Magnet.

## THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WOODENBLOCK.

He who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories, which stands in the suburbs, just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him, as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced,—to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical instrument maker; but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds; and, however desperate the case might be, were very soon, as the vulgar saying is "set upon their legs again." Many a cripple, who had looked upon this deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a mere common place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And in good sooth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the *understandings* fashioned by this skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself; the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with the gout or corns.

One morning just as Master Turningvort was giving his final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his studio (to speak classically,) and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Woodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam; so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth, with his three cornered hat in one hand, and his silver headed stick in the other.

It so happened that Mynheer Von Woodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors; but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs, by a slight impulse, a posterior (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance; and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he was *minus* three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to gaol, on account of some unpaid debt; leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home.

A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indignant poet's head, at the rate of ten shillings a piece, for which he prudently charged the rich merchant twenty guineas. The Doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was just then rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage, to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Woodenblock, aware that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk, and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of action, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give directions about the substitute with which he wished to be supplied in the place of his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burglar's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectfully as ever; but with his right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious of its own littleness.

"Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion—but let that pass.—You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life."—Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs!"—Turningvort bowed yet lower—"provided it outdoes every thing you have ever yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooten spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my direction, but this I am determined on, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had; and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas."

The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Woodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done

before; and undertook to bring him, in six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative, as well as practical science, and there was a favorite discovery, which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanical construction at the heel and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this great inconvenience; and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret.—His first attempt to carry it into execution, was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Woodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed with the acute artisan made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Woodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied the precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgler the number of additions he had made to the internal machine, and the purpose which each was intended to serve.

The evening wore away in the discussion, concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the remainder of the night; in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Woodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessed the inventive power of one, who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint—all the joints performed their office, without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, and even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock work, under the full and well slashed pantaloons of the substantial looking Dutchman.—Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion, occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not in all respects as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot, to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along, in the renovated buoyancies of his spirit, till he came in sight of the Stadt-House; and just at the foot of a flight of steps that led up to the principal door he saw his old friend Mynheer Vanouter, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other, in way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friend's embrace. At length the merchant reached the spot where Vanouter stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping even for a moment to say, "How d'ye do?" Yet so it was; but it was no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move!

As long as his own wishes happened to conclude with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and apparently self-acting powers for a command over it which he found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanouter; but his leg moved on, and he was under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses; but his leg tugged so violently that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on.

He began to get seriously uneasy, at the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves; of this, however, he could say no discover no symptoms. He happened to be going in the direction of Leyden canal; and when he came in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window, with a face of wonder. "Rascal!" cried Woodenblock, "come out to me this instant! You have made me a leg with a ven-

geance!—it won't stand still for a moment! I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my house; and unless you stop me yourself, heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there; but come and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me."

The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament.

The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last nevertheless; and catching him up in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem, (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him, therefore, down again; and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Woodenblock was off like an arrow; calling out, in the most piteous accents, "I am lost! I am lost!—I am possessed by a devil, in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless! I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces?" Turningvort! you have murdered me." The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied.—Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eye-balls looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal, towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlor window, immediately opposite the Golden Lion, drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Woodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Harlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market place, like an animated corpse—white, blue-cold, and speechless; his eyes fixed, and his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched.—Every one cleared away for it, in silent horror, and there was not a person in Harlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with this power of motion.

On it went, through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years passed on; but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he, who was once Mynheer Von Woodenblock, used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh too has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in all its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth.

May all good Saints protect us from broken legs; and may there never appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes, of so awful and mysterious a power!

**HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES: MEANNESS OF NOLLEKENS.**—My old schoolfellow, Smith, the grocer, Margaret street, has been frequently heard to declare, that whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon, to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth; but she never seemed to apply it to the part so affected: so that with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices, without any expense whatever. He for many years made one at the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately; for as red wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had been frequently seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table; upon which, Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, while he slyly, and unobserved as he thought, conveyed away the spice: like the fellow who is stealing the bank note from the blind man in that admirable print of the Royal Cock-pit, by Hogarth. I believe it is generally considered, that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill,—lay in what they call a good stock of every thing, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to spread before them. This was cer-

tainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrogate, in order to take the water for his diseased mouth. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and, as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world; so that one day he managed to get through "a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some jellies." Another day he took nearly two pounds of venison, the fat of which was at least "two inches thick," at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast; and he took care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself.—Nollekens and his Times.

From the Salem Courier.

**Militia System.**—Right about face! Can this be the way to make soldiers? Right backward wheel! Where are the soldiers? (2) going? O, there they are. What do you call their position? In line. What do you call that in line? It wants untwisting. Shut pan! What is that fellow about? He has not any pan to his gun. He is going through the motions: just as well. Fire by company! (Pop! Pheuse! Bang! Pheuse!) What a noise! Why do you expect that a good fire? Very good—four guns went off—more than has gone off at once for three years.—What is that officer looking so grave for? The company is about to be dismissed, and the captain is about to address the soldiers. Ah! "fellow soldiers! Accept my thanks for the discipline you have evinced, the subordination you have exhibited, and for the zeal you have shown. I have no doubt but that when your country calls for your services, that you will acquit yourselves as well on the field of battle, as you have on this beautiful parade ground. You are dismissed!" What a running! Pop! Pheuse! Bang! and Pheuse again. Here is training! How much more military the soldiers walk. Yes! they have been training. Such are the effects of our Militia System. It is as easy to distil water from fire, as to make the militia, under the present regulations, good, well disciplined, and effective soldiers.

**CURE FOR BUGS.**—It has been supposed that the cimex lectularius, or house bug, was unknown in England before the fire of London in 1666, and was introduced in some foreign timber employed in rebuilding the city; but we are told by Moullet, that, in 1683, Dr. Penny was sent for in great haste to Mortlake, in Surrey, to visit two noble ladies who thought themselves affected by the plague, but whom he found had only been severely bitten by bugs. These insects are exceedingly prolific, as the female lays numerous eggs in the cavities of the walls, or wood work; and these are hatched in about three weeks. In order to clear a house of bugs, the leading point is cleanliness in every respect. The first young begin to burst from the eggs early in spring, frequently even in February; this season it is that the greatest attention is required. The bed infected by them ought to be stripped of all its furniture, which should be washed, and, if linen, even boiled, or if stuff hot pressed. The bedstead should be taken in pieces and dusted, and washed with spirits of wine in all the joints and crevices, for it is in these parts principally that the females deposit their eggs. This done, all the cavities should be well filled with the best soft soap, mixed up with verdigris and Scotch snuff. On this composition the young will immediately feed, after leaving the eggs (if any escape the cleaning) and will be destroyed, as will also such of the old ones as happen to be left. But for destroying the larvae of perfect insects, nothing answers better than oil of turpentine impregnated with camphor. It is probable that the bulb of an onion or garlic, which, cut and applied immediately to the place stung, instantly removes the pain occasioned by the sting of a wasp, would be equally efficacious with regard to the bite of bugs.—Monthly Magazine.

## HORSEMANSHIP.

The Moors frequently assume themselves by riding with the utmost apparent violence against a wall, and a stranger would conceive it impossible for them to avoid being dashed to pieces; when just as the horse's head touches the wall they stop him with the utmost accuracy. To strangers on horseback or on foot, it is also a common species of compliment to ride violently up to them, as if intending to trample them to pieces, and then stop their horses short, and fire a musket in their faces.—Upon these occasions they are very proud in discovering their dexterity in horsemanship, by making the animal rear up so as nearly to throw him on his back, putting him immediately after on full speed for a few yards, then stopping him instantaneously, and all this is accompanied by loud shouts and hollow cries.

There is another favourite amusement, which displays perhaps superior agility. A number of persons on horseback start at the same moment, accompanied with loud shouts, gallop at full speed to an appointed spot, when they stand up straight in their stirrups, put the reins, which are very long, in their mouths, level their pieces, and fire them off; throw their fire locks immediately over their right shoulders and stop their horses nearly at the same instant. This is also their manner of engaging in action.

## ENGLISH EXTRACTS.

**UNWHOLESOME MEAT.**—The scandalous, filthy, and fraudulent practice of selling meat which no human being can venture to consume, but at the most serious risk to his health, prevails in this town, we are sorry to say, to a greater extent than we believe to be the case in any other part of the kingdom. Not a week passes in which several convictions do not occur, and we can only attribute the constant recurrence of the offence to the reluctance of the magistrates to enforce the penalties in all cases; an error, as we conceive, though springing from amiable weakness. On Thursday several persons were convicted of this offence, upon informations before the Mayor.

The scarlet fever is raging with great fury at Ghent: no less than forty-seven children were carried off by it in three days.—Brussels Paper.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**—The total number of students on Saturday week amounted to 394, of whom 47 had entered for the class of English law the day preceding, when Mr. Anson began his course. There are already 85 students in this class, a considerable proportion of whom consists of the articled clerks of some of the most eminent solicitors in town, who have



have been driven into this unexpected and unwelcome controversy. On the restoration of peace in 1815, the federal party felt like men, who, as by a miracle, find themselves *safe* from the most appalling *peril*. Their joy was too engrossing to permit a vindictive recurrence to the causes of that peril.—Every emotion of animosity was permitted to subside. From that time until the appearance of Mr. Adams's publication, they had cordially joined in the general gratulation on the prosperity of their country, and the security of its institution. They



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